Think, that you are upon a rock [1]; and now
Throw *me* again. *[Embracing him.*

POST. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die 1

CYM. How now, my flesh, my child ?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard * in this act ? Wilt thou not speak to me ?

IMO. Your blessing, sir. *[Kneelin g. BEL.* Though you did love this youth, I blame
ye not; You had a motive for't.

[To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

[3] Think, that you are upon a rock ;] In this speech or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose she would say,—Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a stage direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them "both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies *Jiang there,* i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay.

Though the speeches that follow are necessary to the complete evolution of our author's plot, the interest of the drama may be said to conclude with the re-union of Posthumus and Imogen :

----------, receptum
Foedus, et intrepidos nox conscia jungit amantes. In defence of this remark, I may subjoin, that both Aristarchus, and Aristophanes the grammarian,, were of opinion that the Odyssey should have concluded when Ulysses and Penelope —

'AffTTcitrioi XExrpoio ^aXaia Sso-pov Ixovro.

STEEVENS* [2] —a DULLARD —] In this place means a person stupidly unconcerned. So, in Histriomastix, or the Player whipt, 1610:

[ft] What *dullard* would'st thou doat in rusty art?" Again, Stanyhurst in his version of the first book of Virgil, 1582:

" We Moores, lyke *dullards,* are not so wytles abyding."

STEEVENS,